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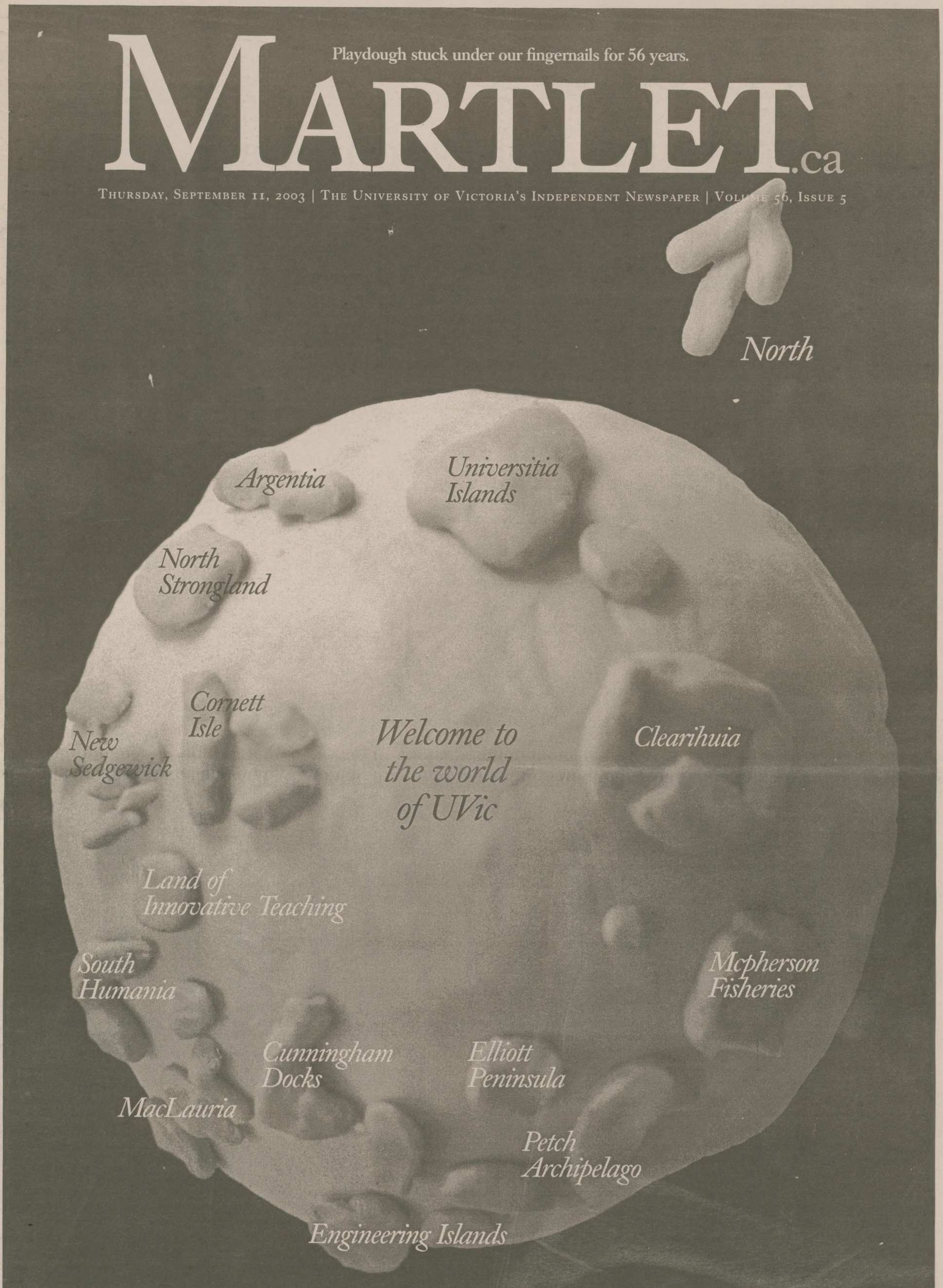

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Take my hand, little sugarplum...

A guided tour through the jungle of tuition fee increases

BY JEFF ANDREW

Gather round, friends, and take a listen. It's a new school year at UVic, and you know what that means: another set of classes, another pile of books, another round of heavy increases in tuition fees...

What's that? You heard this story last year? Well guess what, it's happening again. And as with any story, there's a lot of boring crap to sift through if you want to understand what's really behind it all.

First, the facts: this year at UVic, undergraduate students in all faculties except Business and Law will pay $3,634 for a full course-load. For Business and Law students the toll will be approximately one and two thousand dollars more, respectively. This represents a 30 per cent increase from last year's total of $2,796, and a 69 per cent increase from the 2001/2002 school year–the last year before the current BC Liberal government deregulated tuition fees. The fee increase will put an extra $16.2 million in the university's coffers this year, for a total of approximately $60 million collected from students.

So where does this money end up? According to Jamie Cassels, vice-president of Academic and Provost, a little more than half will go to general cost increases, including a contracted $7 million increase in salaries. Of the remainder, $4.75 million will be spent on academic services. For those unfamiliar with the language of budget breakdowns and fiscal charts, that means about 30 new faculty members and 28 extra class sections spread out over the whole school.

On the whole, government grants still account for the majority of BC schools' funding. But this money isn't a gift–in addition to stipulations on how the money is used, universities are expected to meet strict targets for full-time enrollment that grow every year, even while the funding drops.

UVSS Chair Jude Coates calls it "strongarming the universities into doing more with less." Next year, for example, UVic is facing a mandated increase of 342 full-time students. At the same time, and despite a gradual increase in grant money over the past two years, the university will suffer a $3.6 million dollar cutback in government grant money, from approximately $125 million this year to just over $121 million.

It looks like things will get worse before they get better. When the cut is added to the $15 million estimate for growth next year, it means the university will need to make up an $18.6 million hole in their budget. Since it's illegal in Canada for universities to run deficits, that money has to come from somewhere, and right now that means yet another round of tuition increases for 2004/05. So you'd better hold off on that summer of nude frolicking on Rec beach for at least one more year.

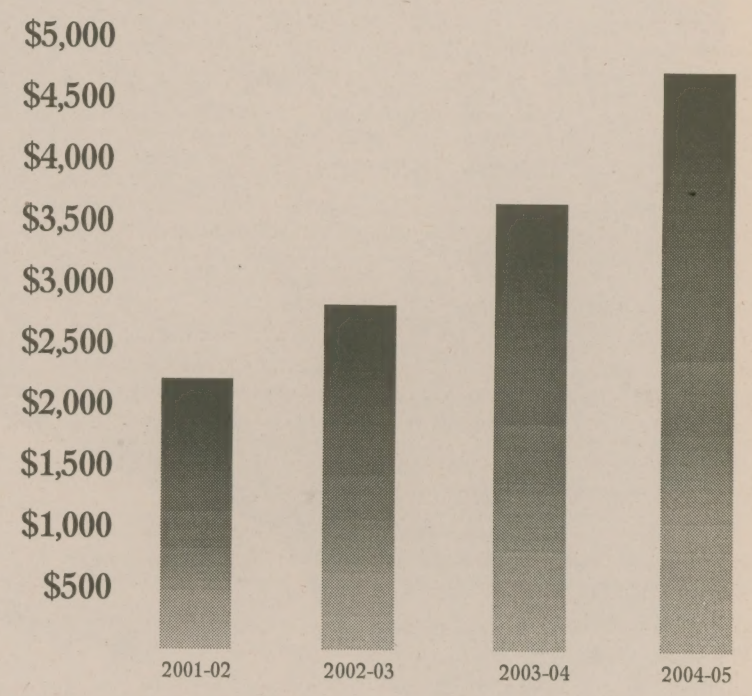
According to Cassels, it's a case of either keeping fees low for all and having the quality of programs suffer, or raising fees to meet costs and compensating for those who can't afford it.

"Those at the margins may drop off, if we don't get the money to them," he said.

Right now the university gives out just under $2 million a year in financial aid. Cassels believes that despite the tuition increases, so far there has not been any change in the socio-economic background of students at the university, and points to a recent study commissioned by the UVic Office of Institutional Analysis to back him up.

Coates isn't so sure. She says that in the past year, the number of regular users at the UVSS Food Bank has tripled, indicating that the real effects of the tuition increases are only beginning to be felt.

"It shows there is an obvious problem with financial aid, when students can't afford to put food on the table."



Tuition fees have increased nearly 70% for an arts undergrad degree since 2001.

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Racist slogans mar campus

by John Thompson

Racist slogans were scrawled across buildings on campus this past week, with a man arrested early Wednesday morning when he was caught in the act.

After being tipped off by a janitor, campus security officers Mike Darling and Shelley Soukoreff discovered a man scrawling "white power" on one of the tents set up in the quadrangle field for the university's 100th anniversary celebrations. He was placed under citizen's arrest at 5 a.m. last Wednesday.

"We witnessed him in plain view writing on the tent," said Soukoreff.

The Caucasian man, who is 31 years old, was later picked up by Saanich police and charged with mischief and obstructing a peace officer. He was subsequently released, although one of his bail conditions will almost certainly be that he won't be allowed to re-enter the campus, said police spokesman Chris Horsely.

The man does not attend the university, according to police and campus security.

"He's not someone who's a student, or someone who ever was," said Darling.

"This is not a teenaged prank," added Soukoreff.

Several other racist slogans were found across campus, which facilities management quickly painted over after they were reported.

For Jo-Anne Lee, a women's studies professor who recently returned to campus, the graffiti brought back stories told by her parents about fears of "the threat of the Yellow Peril" and other anti-Asian sentiments that were prevalent in their day.

"It perpetrates the idea that if you're not white, you're illegitimate," she said, adding that, "there's no validity to the idea of human races. Ninety-nine per cent of our genes are the same. Any differences are minor and superficial."

Inside the Students of Colour Collective office, fourth-year sociology student Hari Alluri said the graffiti was a wakeup call, but not a surprise.

He added that racism takes many subtle forms, and that this shouldn't be seen as an isolated event.

"It's an everyday reality. Whether I feel something racist from someone one day is something else. It's just a manifestation," he said.

Roshni Narain, also a member of the Colour Collective, gave several examples.

"If a white person and I are buying groceries together and I give money to a clerk… they hand the white person the change. That happened yesterday," she said.

"And white people who never remember meeting you, or your name. Or when you ask a question in a store, and they look in the eyes of the white person with you. The very person who'd never think themselves racist."

Other examples include asking to touch people's hair, and, most typical of all, the question: "Where are you from?"

Nic Hume photo

Women's studies professor Joanne Lee stands by where racist graffiti was found near the David Strong Building.

Alluri added that raising issues of subtle racism often creates discomfort. Moreover, he said that it should.

"It's important that people in the majority feel uncomfortable. If you don't question your own discomfort, you're never going to get anywhere," he said.

Hunter McDonald, director of campus security, said that very few racist incidents have been reported over the years, but they may simply not have been reported.

"I've been here nine years… and I don't remember anything like this before," he said. He added that while their officers are predominantly white men, they've made efforts over the past few years to increase the number of women and people of colour among their ranks.

Several downtown storefronts have also been targeted by racist graffiti in the past few weeks.

The Reef, a Jamaican restaurant, and Complex, an urban hip-hop clothing store, both had their windows smashed and storefronts defaced with racist slogans.

Jason Tuttle, owner of Complex, said his store has been attacked several times over the past few weeks, causing $2,500 in damage. He said the vandalism is, to say the least, misplaced: both stores are owned by white people.

Saanich police said that, at this point, they don't suspect the incidents on-campus and downtown to be related.

The UVSS plans to hold a forum on racism later this month, with the date to be announced next week.

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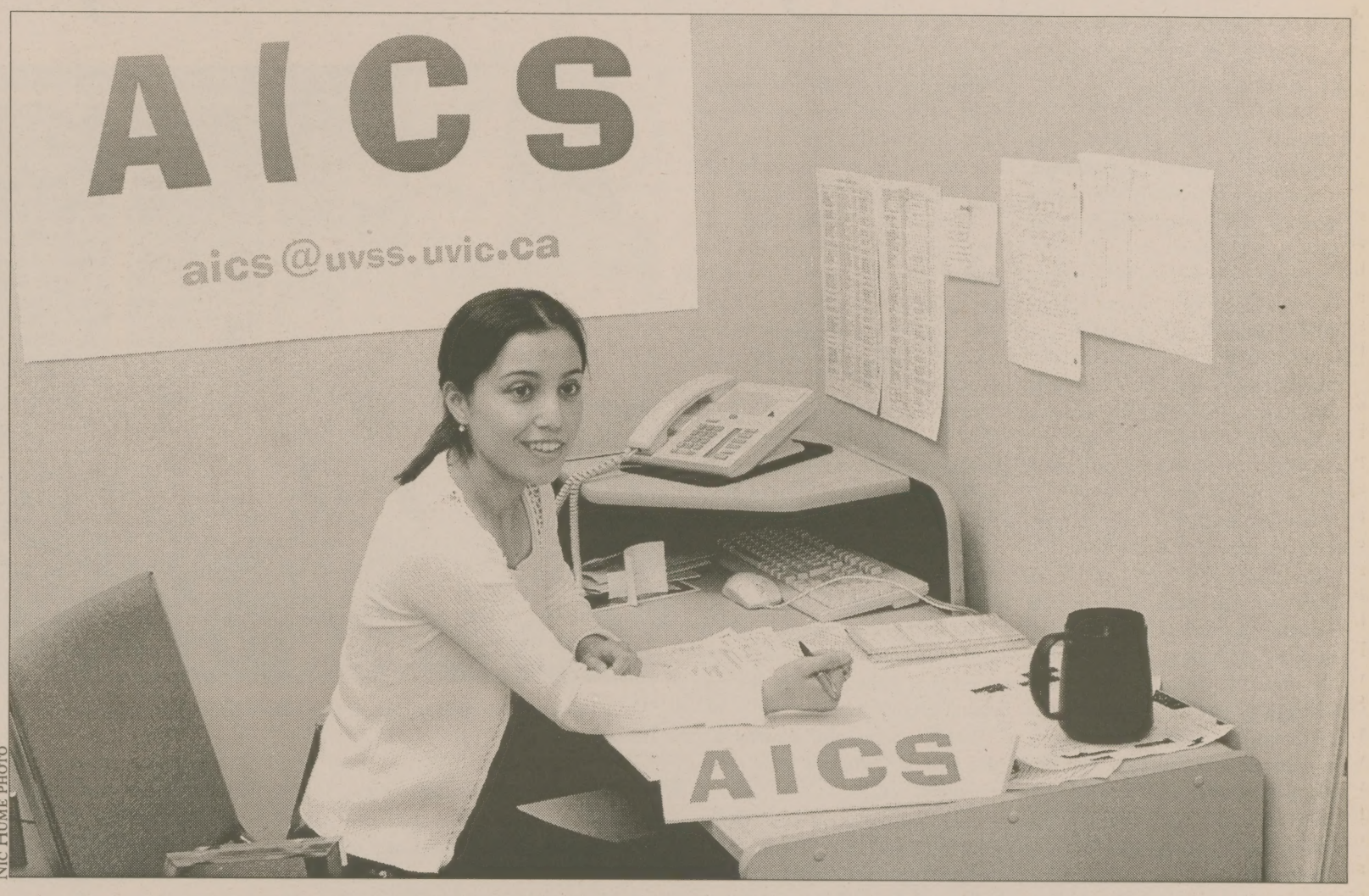
Coping with culture shock

BY BRYNA HALLAM



NIC HUME PHOTO

Ivy Arcos, president of the Association of International and Canadian Students, helps ease newcomers to Victoria into Canadian culture.

Matt McCormick has an idea of what it's like to be an international student.

He worked in Hong Kong last summer through an exchange with AIESEC, a student-run group that aims for international cooperation and understanding.

During that time, he found it was the small things that made a difference.

For instance, many foods common in Canada – such as milk and cheese – were hard to find in Hong Kong. When they were available, they were very expensive. "People just assume things are the same everywhere," he said. AIESEC, like several other groups on campus, offers exchange students a strong framework and support group, and McCormick found this helped him avoid getting homesick.

"AIESEC members are experienced with showing [newcomers] around," said Chris Haynes, UVic AIESEC president. "They know the issues and problems that can come up."

Ivy Arcos, president of the Association of International and Canadian Students (AICS) is an international student from Mexico in her third year of studies at UVic. She thinks one of the biggest challenges facing international students in Victoria is the difference in culture and language.

"There is culture shock," she said. "There can be a sense of alienation, of not belonging.

"We help with the integration process and help students to feel welcome."

According to Arcos, feeling homesick often comes later on in the year. "The novelty of being in a new country goes," she said.

AICS offers social events to give students a chance to develop friendships and intercultural understanding. Past events have included camping trips, international movie nights, and potluck dinners.

Pierre Laliberté, from the International and Exchange Student Services (IESS) office, said the IESS also aims to integrate international students with Canadian students. Their buddy program matches students up and acts as a social club.

They also connect students to Victoria's Intercultural Association. "It gives them a chance to maintain ties with their own culture," Laliberté said. "They can speak their own language and eat some good food." Having these ties can help students avoid homesickness later on in the year.

The IESS also acts as a facilitator for international students, directing them to the proper places for questions regarding healthcare, immigration, and other concerns.

Laliberté finds there is often confusion regarding visas because the terms and conditions are different for everyone. "They can be different even if two people are from the same country," he said.

These differences can reflect concerns that immigration officers have about students' financial resources.

Before receiving a study permit, international students must prove they have the means to support themselves in Canada without working. For students at UVic, tuition for international students is three times that of a Canadian student. At other institutions, it is as high as six times the regular tuition.

Laliberté said the cost can be a factor either way. For some students, it is still cheaper to study in Canada than in their home countries, but for others it is extremely expensive.

"The high tuition creates a situation where studying in Canada is not an option for students from some underdeveloped countries," he said.

It can also place additional stress on students to do well.

"When you're paying that much, you want to be in and out as fast as possible," said Laliberté. He said many international students take more than five classes in an attempt to finish earlier. There can also be family pressure to do well if the family is supporting the student.

Students are also not allowed to work off-campus while in Canada on a student visa. On-campus jobs and co-op jobs are allowed, but the competition for these jobs is extremely fierce.

The university has recently created scholarships for international students. The funds for these will come out of the revenue from international tuition fees. Awards will be based on both merit and financial need.

"I think there is positive change coming," said Laliberté.

There were 1,117 international students studying at UVic in 2002-2003. They make up approximately six per cent of UVic's student body.

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Former UN Commissioner to focus on ethical globalization

by Nicole Paquette

The interview organized for Mary Robinson, former president of Ireland, was set to take place shortly at Swans Hotel. As I entered the building, I wondered how to address a woman who's held such a broad spectrum of positions: Dr? Mrs? President?

Somewhere inside was the woman who holds a master of arts degree, a barrister-at-law degree and a Harvard master of laws. A woman who, at the age of 23, spoke out about women's and children's rights, the right to divorce and the decriminalization of suicide. At 25, she was appointed Reid Professor at Trinity College. She held a seat with the Upper House of Parliament in Ireland for 20 years. She was then elected president of Ireland. She stood up to governments and world leaders in an act of solidarity with the millions that counted on her voice as the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights. This was a woman who had been recognized around the world with over 30 honorary degrees and numerous awards including the Special CARE Humanitarian Award (1993) and The Women of Achievement Award (1996). She still maintains a reputation for being confrontational, controversial and outspoken.

But the door opened to reveal a pleasant, dignified woman who welcomed me into her "humble abode." She chatted and laughed deeply through her hearty voice and noticeable Irish accent. At that point, I stopped worrying about her intimidating reputation.

It was a gathering of only a few reporters. The media sat on the sofa adjacent to Robinson's solid wooden chair. She discussed her passion for human rights and the project she is currently leading: The Ethical Globalization Initiative. The focus of this project is to implement the full range of human rights into the globalization process. She emphasizes the importance of linking sustainable development to human rights, and that one can not be achieved without the other.

Robinson shifted to a more personal note when asked what kind of person she was in her early youth. "I was very awkward and shy. I didn't regard myself as being anything like as good-looking as all my other teenage friends." Her passion for human rights may have come from her childhood experiences. "I grew up in the west of Ireland–the poorest part. My father was a doctor. I went with him when he visited very poor patients, who couldn't pay him. They'd give him a chicken or humus, a bag of spuds… I saw a lot of poverty. Not the kind of poverty [in] real developing countries. But nonetheless, real poverty: no electricity, no toilets in the house."

When she decided to leave her presidency for the UN High Commission position, a friend from Stanford University gave her some useful advice: "Remember, Mary, if you become too popular in that job, you're not doing a good job." The romance of gallantly standing up to global superpowers and proclaiming what has to be changed is not without its disadvantages. It was mainly during her term with the UN that her reputation as being confrontational came into play. Robinson had 189 bosses, representing the various countries, each with differing expectations of her role. "… I knew that maybe half of them didn't really want me to succeed." Robinson maintains that she always used a diplomatic approach.

But even with all the obstacles she has had to overcome, she remained uncannily gracious and down-to-earth. When asked of her successes, she replied: "I don't regard myself as a simple success story at all. Nobody is. And when you say, I've been very successful, that's at a surface level. Inside, everybody knows I've made lots of mistakes. What you do is, you realise, 'I had better learn from my mistakes,' because it's important to move on."

She said the task of moving on takes both time and help, and she hopes to find this help from today's generation of youth. "The barriers that prevent countries from trading out of poverty are far, far more significant than development aid has ever been. It's a very big issue for young people in our world. And I hope that young people who are very cynical about politics will get engaged on this issue. It is the issue."

As the interview drew to a close, the answer to my question of how to address her became clear. The most appropriate title for a woman of such accomplishment and character would have to be… a lady. Or a lady with, as one reporter so aptly put it, "balls of steel."

PHOTO BY NIC HUME

Former UN High Commissioner for Human Rights and president of Irealand Mary Robinson spoke in Victoria this month.

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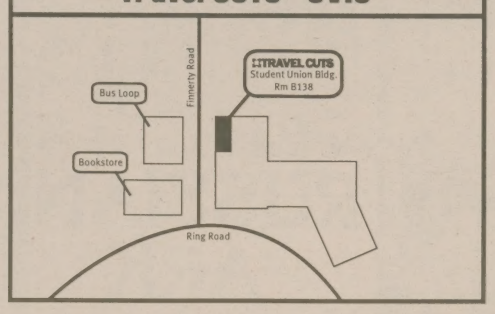

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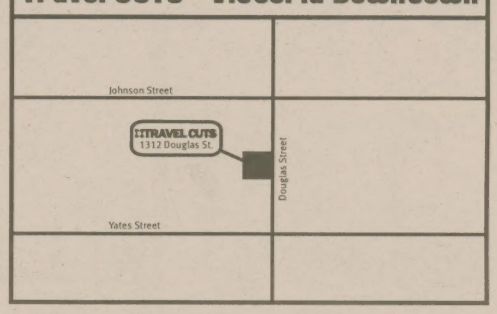

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NIC HUME PHOTO

Audio technicians work to set up the equipment quadrangle for the 100 years' celebration.

CUPE expects long negotiations with university

BY ZOË BAKE-PATERSON

Negotiations have begun for two components of CUPE 4163 following the end of their five-year contract with the University of Victoria.

The contract, which ended on August 31, 2003, involves components one and two of CUPE 4163 which includes Teaching and Lab Assistants, Computing Services (COUS) employees, Second Language/ESL instructors and Cultural assistants, but does not include component three, Sessional instructors, who settled their contract this summer.

"We hope to meet continually through the fall. We don't expect any fast settlements," said Sherwin Arnott, chair of bargaining for CUPE 4163. "A lot of people associate unions with strikes, but the union is working everyday. There is a lot to wade through."

Arnott, a masters of philosophy student, represents TAs and said that the major issues are overwork–TAs being asked to work more than they are paid for–and nationally competitive wages.

"If we're nationally competitive we get better teachers and better TAs, and so a better education," said Arnott.

Wages for TAs may sound sweet at 17.49 dollrs an hour, but are significantly less than those paid at other universities. UVic's hourly wage for TAs is one-half the wages of many TAs at Ontario Universities- York University, for instance pays 38.46 dollars an hour. Even in B.C., Simon Fraser pays ten dollars more per hour and UBC pays eight dollars more. None of these wages include tuition costs.

Both the GSS and the UVSS have passed motions to support CUPE 4163 in their pursuit of wage increases and have called on the University of Victoria to adopt wage parity with other B.C. universities.

"It's clear through [CUPE research] that UVic TAs are drastically underpaid," said Scott Payne, director of academics for the UVSS.

The second component of CUPE 4163, second language instructors, is also concerned with wage issues, said Greg Malnechuk, who has been a language instructor for 3 years. He said job security is also a major concern.

"We're contract employees essentially," said Malnechuk. "Contracts last per semester. At Christmas [at the end of terms] we're laid off."

He sees a lot of these negotiations as being about little details, "filling in the holes" of what was forgotten in the last contract.

The university had little to say about the upcoming round of bargaining.

"I can confirm that the university has met with CUPE 4163," said Patty Pitts, UVic communications officer. "The two sides have exchanged proposals and dates have been set for later this month for bargaining."

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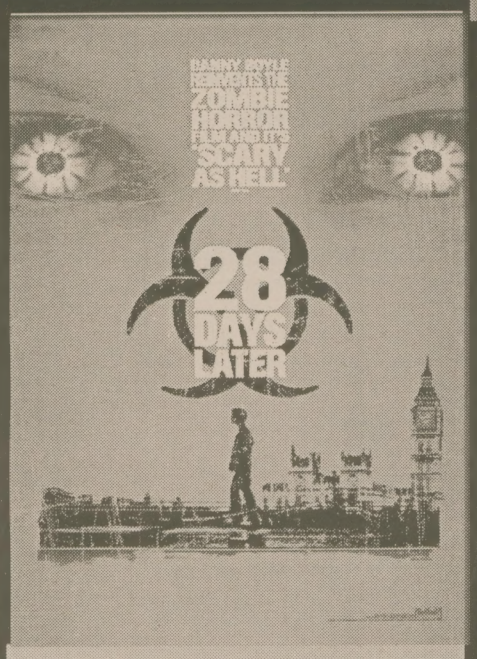

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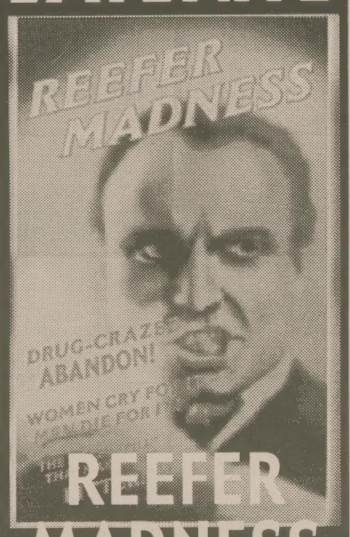

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Speed demons, beware

by Jasper Schwartz

Anyone who treats the Ring Road like a racetrack during the month of September can expect to see their kilometers-per-hour up in lights on the large Campus Security signboard, with excessive speeds reported to local police.

"Cars have been reported on Ring Road at speeds of over 100 kilometers an hour," said Hunter McDonald, director of Campus Security. He said this excessive speed poses a threat to both motorists and pedestrians, citing an accident a few years ago when a woman was struck and critically injured in front of the Student Union Building.

McDonald said that in most cases, people don't even realize they're speeding until they see their actual speed on campus security's signboard. Most speeders, he said, are hurrying to make it to a class, a meeting, or home. Others do it because they're frustrated by slow-moving traffic.

When a driver's speed is excessive, security will take down their license number and pass it onto local police, who will then deal with the motorist. Since UVic straddles the Oak Bay and Saanich border, the police departments from both municipalities work together with campus security to keep dangerous drivers at bay.

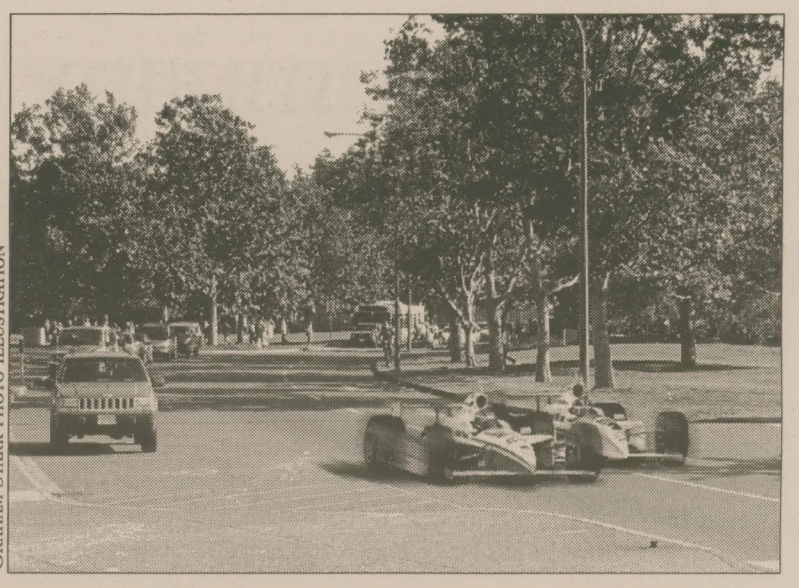
McDonald said that almost every day there is a near miss between a motorist and a pedestrian, often at crosswalks. Some have suggested adding crosswalks along the road to discourage jaywalking by pedestrians. But, according to McDonald, a recent study suggests that more crossings would only further frustrate drivers, and not discourage students on foot and bikes from taking shortcuts across the ring.

Not all traffic on Ring Road is campus related. Many people use the road as a shortcut from McKenzie Avenue to Henderson Road. Motorists taking this perceived shortcut sometimes become frustrated with long waits at crosswalks, so they accelerate as soon as they pass the Human and Social Development building. This makes the southwest section of the Ring Road one of the most dangerous stretches.

Another section of Ring Road that sees a lot of dangerous driving and high speeds is the southeast corner of the road, from University Drive to the residences. This section of road has no crosswalks, and no buildings beside the road, so people feel safe driving fast.

Unfortunately, thick trees and a blind corner make this area fairly dangerous despite the lack of people.

There are several avoidable fender benders every year on campus. Most of these take place in parking lots, but unless people control their speeds, and erratic driving, McDonald expects accidents will continue to happen.



Graham Stark photo illustration

Speeds up to 100 km/h have been reported on Ring Road.

Berton affirms who we are

by John Thompson

I am nervous when I meet Pierre Berton, author of 57 books, winner of three Governor-General awards for non-fiction and a recipient of the Order of Canada.

We're outside Central Middle School, where various bigwigs – the university president and chancellor, the mayor and local MLAs – have gathered beneath the blue sky this Friday as part of the UVic's 100th anniversary celebrations. This is before the crowds of schoolchildren and television crews descend upon Berton, who sits in a white plastic lawnchair. We are waiting for various speeches and the unveiling of some plaque.

When I am introduced, I grip Berton's hand and stare into his pale, watery blue eyes set beneath bushy eyebrows. He wears a burgundy bow tie, a blue shirt with thin red pinstripes and a dapper-looking jacket. A cane rests in one hand.

Between us stands three generations: I am 23; he is 83.

Besides the bow tie, he reminds me of my granddad.

Everyone likes to claim Berton as one of their own. That's why he was there – even though he attended Victoria College, before the university was founded. I have similar motives: When I meet him, I have a copy of *the Martlet's* 50th anniversary anthology in hand, which includes copies of the cartoons he drew for *the Microscope*, the precursor of *the Martlet*. His cartoons often featured a plump college student named Wilbur.

"I drew that!" he exclaims when I show him the book. "Good heavens – that takes me back."

During the few minutes we have together, he talks about the responsibility of the student press to hound their student councils and administration – our role as muckrackers. "College newspapers always get in trouble with the administration – and they should," he said.

There was something characteristic about our exchange: Berton's talent has always been his ability to tell us who we are, of validating our identity. He has written 33 nonfiction books, which chronicle the construction of the national railway to the exploration of the Yukon. He gave shape to what we know as Canadian – at least, for those who've read his books. Like many people my age, I never have.

Still, as a writer, I can't help but admire the man. He lived – no, defined – the dream of the contemporary student newsrat, clambering from university press into the ranks of city newsrooms and Maclean's magazine. He wrote about poverty and religious hypocrisy, and civil rights.

Granted, his idea of radicalism – smoking pot and speaking out against war – seem fairly commonplace in Victoria today. But maybe that's what's striking about the man: at 83, he has more in common with university students today than survivors of his own generation. He makes you realize how we take these ideals for granted.

Soon, there are hundreds of children teeming around, cameras are rolling, and Victoria Mayor Alan Lowe is talking into the microphone. Children squeal when he mentions how he attended their school.

When it's Berton's turn to speak, he rises to his feet slowly . You can almost hear him creak as he shuffles to the microphone. His frailty melts away the moment he begins to speak. His voice is boisterous as he delivers pithy anecdotes about attending Victoria College, now Craigdarroch Castle, back in 1938 – the height of the depression. All his stories are well-rehearsed, some were repeated just minutes ago, privately to me.

John Thompson photo

The student press has a responsibility to hound student councils and university administrators, Pierre Burton said last Friday.

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Private company profits from plagiarism

BY JESSE ROSENFELD,
THE MCGILL DAILY

MONTRÉAL (CUP) – As classes at McGill began last week, some students heard a new twist on the old plagiarism spiel: papers must be checked by a private online company to ensure that they haven't been plagiarized.

An anti-plagiarism Web site, Turnitin.com, checks academic papers against its own database and a number of "paper mill" Web sites that sell pre-written papers to students.

The site is currently being used at McGill on a trial basis to determine its effectiveness and popularity.

Professor Sonia Laszlo has implemented the Turnitin system in her Economic Development class, a required course for students in McGill's International Development Studies program. Laszlo told her students that plagiarism creates bad blood between the faculty and students, and that the Turnitin site is the fastest and most effective way to confront the serious problem of plagiarism.

But many students have expressed concern and anger they must turn in their papers to the company in order to prove that they are not guilty of plagiarism. As well, many are expressing deep concerns about having their papers on an online database.

International Development Studies and Political Science student Elise Legault, who is also an Arts Representative to the Students' Society, said that while she understands the administration's motives, she disagrees with the methods used by Turnitin.com.

"I understand that plagiarism is a problem and the university wants to do something about it," she said. "I think there is also a problem with this program, because I also understand that it is a basic judicial principle in this country that you are innocent until proven guilty, and it should be that we have the same principle at school."

Wesley Jamieson, an economics and IDS student, believes the site will poison the academic climate at McGill.

"Turnitin.com makes students feel as if they are guilty until proven otherwise, and because of the academic atmosphere it creates, it makes students feel alienated from their professors," he said.

Students' Society VP of University Affairs Vivian Choy said that the Society is also concerned that students are being presumed guilty and are forced to prove their innocence.

"Last semester I was in a class where Turnitin.com was used, and at the end we were given a survey in which students reported no problems with the technical aspects of the site, but when it came to the comments section, students were saying things such as, 'How dare you subject me to this,' and 'How dare you assume I'm guilty before I even turn in my paper.'"

Legault added that the site may violate students' intellectual property rights.

"I am concerned about the idea of my essays floating around on the Internet," Legault said. "Although I don't think that the Web site has any intentions of misusing people's work, when your info is out on the Internet, you never really know what could happen to it."

But Turnitin.com maintains that the company exists because schools themselves are unable to perform the same regulatory role. "In the absence of human resources for extensive manual corroboration of student work, Turnitin provides a technological tool to achieve the same objective confirmation that student work is the student's work," reads a statement on the Web site.

IDS Chair Myron Frankman recommended that outraged students begin by brushing up on their rights. Frankman added that he understands the objections students have raised to the Turnitin system. "Students should be assumed above suspicion unless that suspicion is aroused, and there are concerns that this site might call that into question," he said.

Choy argued that a system such as Turnitin.com is not the only effective way to guard against plagiarism, pointing out that many respected American universities employ an honour system.

"SSMU is working on proposing alternatives to such a Web site, including an honour contract that students sign saying they won't plagiarize – a practice that's in place at American Ivy League schools."

Choy said she also plans to relay students' concerns to Laszlo in writing.

"There has been huge outrage from the Economic Development class, so I am currently in the process of writing to the prof about this issue," she said.

But for the time being, students will have to make do – Laszlo said she has no plans to abandon Turnitin.com as a mandatory policy in her class.

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JENNIFER BOWLES PHOTO

After years of yearning, Thunder finally makes his move...

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Violent outbursts mar beginning of term

by Bryna Hallam and John Thompson

Several violent incidents in the last week have left the University of Victoria community shaken.

Cam Murton, an 18-year-old UVic student, remains in critical condition at Victoria General Hospital after suffering head injuries from a fight that broke out near the Cadboro Commons building on early Tuesday morning of last week.

Brennan Paul Doucette, 19, faces charges of aggravated assault. He was released on a surety of $5,000 under the condition he observe a 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew and stay away from UVic.

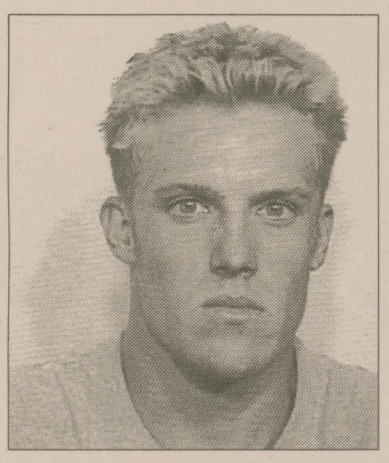
According to Saanich police spokesman Chris Horsely, neither Doucette, nor the two males and female with him that evening, are UVic students.

Horsely added, "We're still investigating the circumstances, but the Saanich police are confident the accused is responsible for the injuries to the victim."

In a separate incident, a cab driver was assaulted early Saturday morning.

The driver dropped four young men off near the UVic residences along Finnerty Road near parking lot five at about 3:20 a.m. When the men ran off without paying, the driver gave chase and caught up with one, only to be attacked by the others. He suffered injuries to his hand and arm.

That same day a student in residence armed himself with a baseball bat during a heated argument. He was disarmed by another student, but went back to his room and returned with a different bat. By that time, campus security had arrived and seized it from him.



Brennan Doucette faces assault charges after a fight that left Cam Murton, a first-year student at UVic, critically injured.

"We've had a really busy time," said Hunter McDonald, director of campus security. He said that ten security officers were on duty that Saturday, along with several Saanich police officers. McDonald added, "The beginning and end of terms are always flashpoints."

He cautioned students to take care of their inebriated classmates, who campus security often find passed out on the lawn.

"Party all you like, but take care of your buddies," he said.

McDonald expects this energy to simmer down over the next few weeks. From his experience, the encroaching rainy weather, heavy course loads and exams tend to dampen further outbursts.

"I'd put money on that this is not going to continue," he said, adding that this weekend's Subversion party at the SUB, will probably be the last blowout of the semester.

"When you get several thousand young people together, there's always some energy," he said. "But by and large, we have wonderful students here."

Capitalist chaos

Nic Hume photo

Students swarm outside the library to purchase their Back to School essentials. Hemp jewelry, anyone?

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EDITORIAL

Confronting racism today

Racist behavior isn't acceptible anymore. Or is it?

Maybe you've sat around a table, drinking beer one afternoon, when that rowdy friend of your cousin started cussing about lazy natives. Or maybe over the summer you've heard a co-worker mutter about Asians carrying infectious diseases. Or, over the past two years since September 11, we betchya you've heard mideastern peoples described in blanket-terms as terrorists.

These incidents are commonplace. They happen every day, and almost everyone can remember moments when we've wanted to speak up, but haven't.

Maybe you didn't want to stir up a ruckus. Maybe you didn't want to be scorned as a self-righteous university student. Maybe you didn't want to offend that rowdy friend of the family.

Nobody likes to think of themselves as being racist. We live in an equal society, we tell ourselves. What we're less likely to admit is that if we're not working against oppression, then we're complicit with it.

Things changed after September 11. Once those airliners collided with the Twin Towers two years ago, latent racism and xenophobia came to the surface of public discourse–but it's not like it didn't exist before. These undercurrents of fear, often manifesting themselves in attacks on people who appear different, have always been with us.

During the second world war, widespread anti-semitism led western leaders to turn their eyes away from the horrors of the Holocaust, even as they waged war against its perpetrators. At the same time, Japanese citizens in this province were placed in internment camps and had their homes, property and businesses seized.

But let's return to the present. Maybe there's a common tie between the guy who spray-painted "White Power" around campus, unemployed fishermen who blame aboriginals for their woes rather than corporate and sportfishing groups, and middle-class families who watch people of mideastern descent with wary paranoia.

Even if we acknowledge that the whole idea of racial identity is fraudulent, there is still one thing we all share in common: the desire to belong, to hold on to our origins, to put a message out into the world.

This is powerful stuff. When an instinctive fear of the unknown is combined with a desire for simple solutions to complex social and economic problems, the temptation to make scapegoats of the easiest and most obvious targets can be hard to resist. The challenge for us is to confront it when it arises, whether it's in our family and friends, our political leaders, or most importantly, in ourselves.

So what's to be done with that rowdy friend of your cousin? Well, the next time he spouts off, we need to remember those of us in the majority have privilege. And with priviledge comes responsibility. Speak up.

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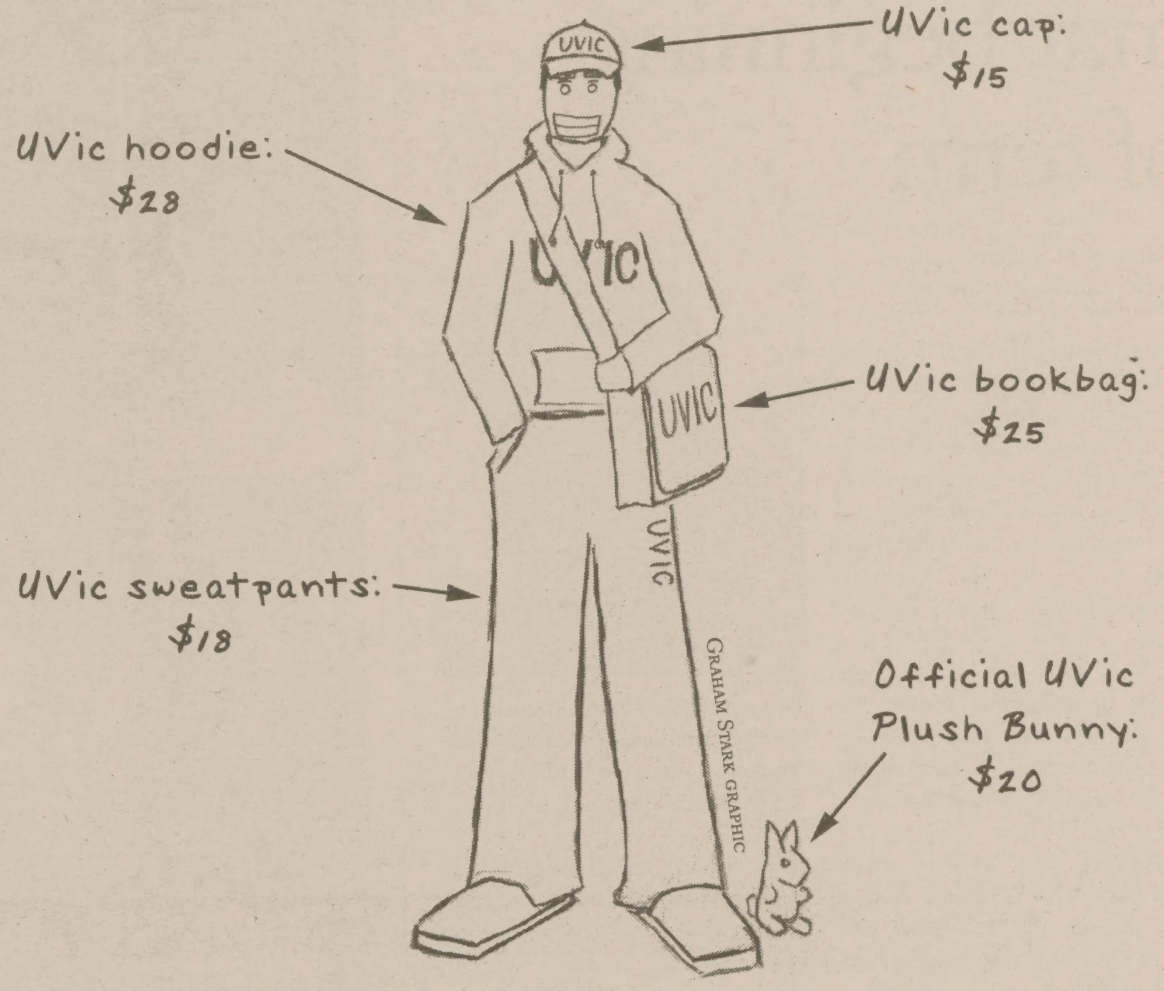

HIV from a personal perspective

BY NICOLE BORTHWICK

The issue of HIV and AIDS is a passion of mine, both professionally and personally.

After a two year psychology degree, my dream since 1994 has been to travel the globe to work with those that the rest of the world has shunned away from, due to fear and lack of education. On a personal level, HIV has been a personal challenge of mine, after a positive diagnosis in December of 2001. I got through the feelings of guilt rather quickly, within a matter of weeks, but it was the stigma or label that I couldn't get past.

That's why I was elated earlier this summer, when Stephen Lewis, the UN envoy to the AIDS epidemic, arrived in Victoria to present a passionate symposium on the HIV/AIDS crisis in Africa.

He emplored a packed house at the McPherson Theatre to learn what Africans face: their nutrition, medications, social effects, emotional effects, and life expectancy rate. With this knowledge, Canadians have an opportunity and obligation to offer whatever means of support we can to aide those who need it, especially if we open our eyes (and hearts) to the plight of those living in Africa with HIV/AIDS. We have a resposibility to learn more, by getting educated, and to action, by doing whatever we can to help end the fear and suffering of so many.

The one thing about Canada and the AIDS crisis that I am grateful for are government funds for incredibly expensive medications to keep the virus at bay. The medications, alternative therapies, and extra dietary needs are all covered by provincial and federal AIDS service organizations. I haven't reached that part of the journey, but when I do, I'll be relieved it is there when I need it.

In Africa, AIDS has become a death sentence for those suffering, because lack of government funding. Lewis says that even if Canada were to send medical supplies to those in Africa in critical need, there is so much beaurocracy and red tape to get through that the odds of it arriving are slim.

Still, Lewis said Canadians have a moral imperative to help.

"Let's face it, Africa is in crisis, and we, as Canadians, the second richest country in the world, need to do something," he said. Lewis is obviously compelled to the cause, having spent time with both families and orphans of the epidemic in Africa.

Hearing Lewis inspired me to want to do more. I want to move away from the political red tape here in B.C. and journey to other parts of the world to share my knowledge and skills with others about the epidemic. I have the dream of working in villages where people are wanting help, wanting to live–not die and feel helpless. I am well enough to do this now, rather than 10 years down the road, when life and support gets a little shorter. In some small way, I believe we all have the power to make positive change. Whether it is a clothing drive, or money drive, or 24 hour famine for Africa, we all have that power. We just have to want to do it. Lewis has inspired many with his poignant presentation, but I for one can testify that his words have deeper meaning: action now!

In British Columbia, HIV/AIDS seems to be a closed subject, at least on the streets. Not many people openly discuss the issue here, compared to Toronto, where AIDS and HIV are more prevalent. There, it's a liberated subject. In Victoria, attitudes need to change towards an illness that has taken so many world-wide. We can no longer shut doors or close books on this issue. Disclosing one's status could open up the doors for issues of fear and hatred from family or friends. Fear can lead to rejection of family or friends, or even worse, hatred from people who fear to understand the issues of having HIV or AIDS, especially when you may have a friend or family member living with it. This is when your social circle decreases in size. Fearing disclosure may be because of possible rejection, or even worse, hatred. When I disclosed my status to my siblings, reaction was mixed: my sister felt sad, but relieved that I was able to tell her, albeit on the phone, thousand of kilometres away in Ontario. My brother was holding out hope that I'd take the meds (when I've reached the stage where I need to) because they are available.

After listening to Lewis, I made a promise to myself that my family would know about my status before the summer is out. I've come about 90 degrees on that promise. My siblings now know their baby sister was infected as a result of a rape in the fall of 2001. My parents have yet to find out because of my fear of their rejection and blame. I also fear alienation from my kids, who are extremely young to know, even at eight and 13. My first love, Sean, has promised to talk to our son when the time is right. As for my daughter, I hope I'm around long enough to spare her the grief and pain at a young age.

I think the worst thing a parent faces is the death of a child, even if their child is 36. If I were to live in an ideal world, I would be calling my parents with this news from thousands of kilometres away, in a place like Toronto that is more supportive and liberal on the issue.

I'd say, "Mom, Dad, I have something to tell you. I'm HIV positive." My ultimate wish would be for them to say something like, "We love you, no matter what. We still love you." But I suspect in my heart of hearts that will never happen. We've never been that "close knit" a family–but then again, who knows?

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The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper

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sub b011

Tim Hanson photo

From a fire fighter's eyes: **smoke rolls through the trees in BC's interior.**

Flames of change *A student's account of battling the inferno*

by Tim Hanson

It's 5:30 in the morning. I climb from my bed with an anticipatory knot already entrenched in my stomach. I stumble to the bathroom, debate shaving and take a piss. My coveralls hanging from the door in the vain hopes that somehow they will have cleaned themselves overnight. I peer out the windows of my motel room, smoke is nowhere to be seen, but I can smell it in the air.

We're in the Southeast Firezone of BC, on a particularly dangerous fire. A lightning strike has started a fire in a municipal watershed. We are forbidden from using Caterpillars and bulldozers as they will damage the sensitive hillside, promoting erosion and disrupting wildlife. This does not bode well for us firefighters. Without cats or dozers we are unable to create the large firebreaks that would usually serve as our escape routes and safety zones. Likewise, our air support is restricted. No retardant foam is to be dropped into the watershed, as it becomes highly toxic to plant and animal life in the streams and rivers. An air-drop of retardant will put a quick end to a potentially hazardous and in some cases life threatening situation.

I shuffle on my boots and Nomex coveralls before proceeding to breakfast. The television shows the Kelowna fire and the devastation and destruction done there. We groan and curse the structural fire-fighters returning to the stationhouse for massages, and I express my infuriation that a fire really isn't a fire until it's televised. *The Province* tells us that our fire is ranked number six on the top ten most dangerous fires. Our responsibility now covers 5,000 hectares which is about 50 square kilometers. My crewmates show signs of fatigue and fear as we gulp down our eggs and coffee. With our helipad burned out the day before, I wonder where we're going to land this morning. We arrive at our staging point, the parking lot of a nearby ski hill. We're all in high spirits as we greet the other crews assigned to the fire. In total, there are approximately 30 people on this fire. A fire this size is generally contained by almost 200. The dry air has already sucked the moisture off of our helicopter's landing pad, and as a result, each time it arrives we are blasted by rocks and sand. I pull pebbles out of my ears and remind myself that this is why I'm being paid the big bucks. We load up a pump and a thousand feet of hose onto the chopper. Smoke is now visible to us pouring out of the bowl of the valley and onto our launch pad. The helicopter turbine whines and I kick myself yet again for forgetting to pick up earplugs. The mountain falls beneath us and we view our last two days work in flames. Our ride enters the smoke plume and we drop about 50 feet. The knot in my stomach clenches tighter. Our new helipad is just on the other side of the ridge we lost yesterday and settled into a little plateau. All around us there are wisps of smoke rising into the air. It's barely 8a.m. and already it's 35 C. Our weather report warns of relative humidity dropping below the current temperature and to expect high winds in the next few hours. We dam up the creek bed and set up our pump, lay our hose out 500 feet in each direction and hope for some luck. We do not get it. Mother Nature is a fickle guardian, and today we hear the cries of her wrath. Within an hour the wind picks up, flooding us with a fog of burning smoke. We are being burned out. Our lookout radios us for emergency evacuations and within minutes we see why. While waiting for our chopper, I scout out the forest below us. Trees are exploding in clouds of rolling flame, climbing the hillside fast. I run back to our chopper and as we lift off, watch the fire surrounding us from all sides. Our incident commander gives us the rest of the day off from staging and we retire to our supper at the local Greasy Spoon. Everyone asks us how our day was, how we're progressing and thanks us for the hard work we're doing. Back at the motel room I collapse on my bed. A nervous tension grips me. Seven days, I think to myself. Just keep yourself alive for seven days and you're home free. We watch the news, more homes evacuated, more high temperatures and more high winds. I say nothing to my crewmate and instead try to empty my head of the fiery fear that keeps me from sleeping tonight.

After several days in this fire, I begin to realize that I am not myself anymore. I've become stronger. I do not whine about climbing the steep hill with 100 lbs of slinging net on my back. I simply accept that it has to be done. I am more resolute and decided in my thinking and opinions. My mind takes hold of the things that matter most to me and casts off those that do not. My thoughts turn to the girlfriend I've left behind, the education I've yet to fulfill, and how a rural firefighter can carelessly toss a lit cigarette butt into the bone-dry lawn, ignite a wildfire destroying and displacing hundreds in his community and still call it an "accident."

Set free by a conscientious view of reality, yet held captive by the fear that accompanies the danger of my job, I at times feel greater and smaller than my former self. As I drift off to sleep, I wonder if my fears will linger or if the hope of a decent night's sleep will remove the knot from my stomach that never seems to melt away.

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Becoming part of the crowd

STORY & PHOTOS BY ANGELICA MONTGOMERY

Riding scooters and amphetamines in Taiwan

Skyscrapers and palm trees couldn't block the Taiwanese sun. It pierced through a soup of smog, breathing down on my arms and neck. I was in a pack of eight or nine scooters, cruising only a few feet apart down the lane.

I was wet with sweat within my helmet and in my clothes. My scooter's vinyl seat was wet.

The old man beside me sat hunched on his scooter, his jeans pulled up past his belly, flip flops on his feet. As he slowly passed me, he stared into my face and I remembered that I am, conspicuously, a white person. I looked away.

My scooter was a bee in a swarm. Per capita, Taiwan has more scooters and motorcycles than any other country in the world (assuming Taiwan is a country and not a rogue state of China).

The city of Kaohsiung, where I lived, has hundreds of thousands of scooters. They park so thickly on some sidewalks that pedestrians have to walk on the road. They drive through outdoor markets where crowds of people are shopping. They are so agile, and in such great numbers, that they make mesmerizing chaos on the streets. They duck between cars waiting at lights, cut each other off, and whiz across crosswalks.

I've seen several families of four driving on a single scooter, and young girls driving slowly side-by-side so they can talk to each other. But Taiwanese drivers don't yell, or swear, or give each other the middle finger. Many people don't realize the idea of good driving is largely based on their own cultural standards.

For me, Taiwan, in its essence, is somewhere inside all the breaking and swerving and speeding. It's as though the society is encrypted. Consider the language: Chinese isn't just another vocabulary. It is different in the very way people say their words – in barely discernable tones that completely change the meaning.

And the writing system, the social etiquette, the complex rules that control good and bad luck, all seem to hinge on nuances, impossible for a foreigner to understand.

I lived there for a year, in a murmur of meaningless words. It's possible to carry on with a daily routine – find food, drive to work, call your friends – but the strangeness surrounds you, like being caught in a wave, and not knowing which direction leads to the surface.

I returned to Canada this summer, but I am still haunted by dreams of mountains chiselled with Chinese writing, of wandering through buildings filled with shrines. Beyond my little Canadian home is a surging maze of human beings, crowded, chaotic, unapologetic.

❧❧❧

In Taiwanese streets, men chewed betelnut, pushing it from the sides of their cheeks. Construction workers smiled at me widely, not caring that their teeth were red, or missing, and that their mouths almost dripped from chewing betelnut. And taxi drivers, leaning casually out their cars, lobbed bright red spit on the road.

Betelnut is one of Taiwan's most cultivated crops. The custom of chewing it is both disgusting and intriguing – a part of Taiwan that resonates with me, even though I don't fully understand why.

They contain an addictive amphetamine, according to several internet sites, an encyclopaedia, and many foreigners in Taiwan I spoke with. But most Taiwanese people I talked with had never heard this.

I am intrigued by betelnut. Maybe it's because it breaks some taboo – polite Taiwanese society sneers at chewing betelnut – but at the same time it's everywhere:

vendors line almost every street, and red spit dots the sidewalks.

Betelnut is part of the churning traffic. Truck and taxi drivers chew betelnut to keep themselves awake, and this adds to their erratic driving, especially the taxi cabs. But everyone runs red lights, makes U-turns in the middle of the road, and impatiently changes lanes without looking. The cabs just do this faster.

Learning to move with the traffic was part of my cultural adjustment. I had never learned to drive before I came to Taiwan. In Victoria, I used to run across the road when I jaywalked, scared that distant cars would hit me.

I was a jittery driver at first. I would stop and start skittishly, indecisively, and often to the confusion of other drivers. Then I became desensitized. Most foreigners do. Driving loses its realism; it becomes another video game. Surrounded by fear, excitement, and confusion, I started to float through it in a daze. In Taiwan, I learned to be part of the crowd.

Now my old Canadian society feels like a facade. Being a foreigner for so long made my bewilderment feel routine. Now home feels wrong. Nothing is natural anymore.

In Taiwan, the roads themselves are a breathing social space. Scooters are open. People can tâlk to each other. Young men, the straps of their unfastened helmets flapping on their shoulders, tried to flirt with me when we stopped at red lights.

People are more exposed, and they reveal more of themselves. I could see if someone was driving his groceries home. I could smile at a woman's little white dog, sitting in the front basket of her scooter, while she drove in high-healed shoes and a pink business suit.

Or there was the girl riding on the back of a beaten scooter with a large cartoon character painted on her helmet. She clung to her boyfriend, her cowboy boots hoisted high, her legs straddling his sides. Her low-cut jeans showed the top of her pink panties as they drove by.

When I was on my scooter, I was being watched as well, but I was also an interactive part of society.

❧❧❧

I've chewed betelnut. I was with a group of Canadian English teachers, drunkenly lolling down the main street of a resort town. Vendors and high-powered lights lined the street, showing off beaded necklaces, jewellery for cell-phones and pencils covered in fake feathers.

Greg, a red-head from Saskatchewan, bought a roasted duck's head. Then he bought a dozen betelnuts for about seven or eight bucks. Down a side street, we picked the betelnuts out of the Ziploc bag and passed them along. Then paused. They were tightly wrapped in a light-green leaf.

"Do you take the leaf off?" someone said.

Kelsa said yes. I said no.

I put the entire nut between my molars and crunched. It cracked like a soft, fibrous seed. It tasted earthy, and left a week numbness in my mouth. Then I lobbed my bright red spit on the pavement.

Kelsa was giddy with drunken excitement. She bent over and started deliberately spitting.

"My spit's not red yet!" she said. "Maybe I need to chew some leaf."

In a moment, the world became sharp and crisp. I felt light, keen, awake. My hands were shaky and I was sweating for no reason. I chewed the betelnut for a few minutes, spitting now and then, and then spat the whole thing out. Soon, I felt normal, mostly, and a little gross. I grabbed another.

It was the weekend after Christmas. The night was warm and comfortable, and we walked down the middle of the dark street laughing while we spat.

We were children, feeling our way through a new experience. And driving was fun. I was singing to myself when I nearly ran into a woman who was driving in the wrong direction. She's older and unhappy and barely looked at me when I stopped to let her pass.

She had a bare-headed little boy standing on the base of the scooter between her legs. He was holding on between the handle bars.

His big black eyes were amazed when he saw me. "Mei guo ren!" he said. (American, that means.) "That's right," his mother said in Chinese, uninterested.

Then they were gone. I manoeuvred around a car that had parked in the scooter lane with its hazard lights on, then sped up to run the freshly changed red light – along with the restof traffic.

I do

by Gordon de Frane

20 August 2003

I do. They are just two simple little words, but they are to the English language what atoms are to an atomic bomb. Their impact or rather adverse impact can mean continued discrimination, bashings and beatings, even murder if the free vote goes the other way. The power they wield has meant denying the same human rights, enjoyed by the straight human beings, to same sex couples.

And yet … and yet I have always dreamed of saying "I do" someday to he who means as much to me as I do to myself. I want to get married. I want to buy a home. Or better yet, he and I will get some land and build a dream home. He and I could start up a boutique bed and breakfast. I would write the Great Aboriginal Canadian novel. Heck, we might even adopt children. I stop at the white picket fence though.

I can just imagine he and me solemnizing our feelings for each before witnesses; uttering "I do" to each other before a member of the clergy. Then we'll walk hand in hand, hearts touching, covered by the other's love into the setting sun …

As long as I can remember I dreamed of making that journey down the aisle. I grew up with the model of marriage; it is the one act, the single social behaviour that is drilled into every young Canadian male and female. I have been programmed for marriage. You aren't considered whole unless you're married.

Of course, the model was quite different from what I have in mind. When I say "I do" it will be to another male. When I slip that 18 carat gold symbol of my love over his ring finger, we will cross over into that rarified exclusive domain hitherto reserved only for one male and one female.

The ceremony I have in mind would be coloured with Salish teachings. Our vows would be exchanged before witnesses. He would have talked with my family; a type of dowry would be agreed upon. My mum would fashion special regalia for both of us. We would be married according to the teachings of the swuqw'wuqw–mountain goat wool blanket.

Saying "I do" between males and females is the Holy Grail. Marriage is what it's about. Who gets to marry whom? Who gets to appear normal? Who gets vilified and demonized? Who gets validated? Who gets to impregnate; who gets to be fruitful and multiply? In other words, whose culture and society gets privileged over another's?

Same sex couples suffer in silence. They bear the burden of negative characterizations and unwholesome descriptions. Yes, the words "I" and "do" pack quite a wallop.

Christ spoke many powerful words during his time on earth. But among his words he never once mentioned same sex couples. He never once voiced hatred against people of any variation. He preached love and compassion.

Others twist and contort Christ's teachings to suit their agendas. Same sex couples are denied the same rights and freedoms as their straight counterparts. The Canadian Alliance, and other groups with agendas of hate, consider same sex people abnormal, evil and depraved. If same-sex couples adopt children, the Holy See condemns it as an act of violence; same sex people are immoral in the eyes of God.

Oddly though, the Catholic Church remained silent a few years back when Mount Cashel came to light. The Catholic Church's complicit nature revealed itself when the Anglican and United Churches assumed the role of civilizing, Christianizing and Europeanizing aboriginal children across this land. Recently those three Churches made common cause with the Government of Canada. They sought protection from lawsuits that could otherwise bankrupt all of them.

Straight marriage is considered normal. In straight marriage, rings are exchanged, the kisses shared. Then it's off to procreate and subdue the earth.

Too often that's when the raping and pillaging of women begins. It's acceptable for the marriage bed to become a place of marital rape. The Church expects women to endure for the good of family, church and state.

This is where my dream varies from the straight model of marriage. For me, same sex marriage is about crafting a union imbdued with the ritual and ceremony of my people's teachings.

It's no guarantee. But he and I will marry because we want to. We will marry not only because it is our legal right and privilege to do so, but because my ancestors and his made it possible.

The Charter, a legacy of former Prime Minister Trudeau, is making Canada into a just country one law and ruling at a time. Trudeau's 1969 vision gave birth to the proposed legislation that the Members of the House will vote on this fall. Trudeau decriminalized homosexuality; nature already knew that it was perfectly natural.

Some decades later, marriage will reflect a union between two people. It's been a long time in the making. Canada's leadership role in this matter will make it the third country in the world to recognize same sex marriage. Same sex people will get to utter those two very powerful little words to each other. Canada will reaffirm its reputation as a just and compassionate country.

I do and I will one day.

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Good times turn bad on campus

Resident Students are shocked

by Christie Koshman

Violence at this school is creating an atmosphere of terror for students in residence.

Eighteen-year-old UVic student Cam Murton was hospitalized and remains in critical condition, the victim of an unexpected violent outburst outside Cadboro Commons.

Later that week, after a night of hitting the clubs in downtown Victoria, a group of res students took a cab ride home. They refused to pay the cab driver, beat him, and left him injured by his cab.

During another drunken party, a res student threatened an individual with a baseball bat. The possibility of this student's eviction is still undecided and leaves students with an uneasy feeling.

After several violent outbursts at the University of Victoria this past week, res students are questioning their safety.

"We're all a little shaken up," says Erin Gabtes, a res kid. As a first year student and a new resident of Victoria, she said, "it was really unexpected that all these events would hit so close to home."

These are very serious issues with a direct effect on the students of Victoria. Res students are struggling to learn in an environment where they feel susceptible to violence.

A large factor is the number of individuals from outside residence visiting the university looking for a wild place to party. Campus security continues to discourage non-residents from hanging around campus in the evenings.

However, the quantities of drugs and alcohol in the dorms is another factor leaping out of control.

"Everyone came here in party mode, ready to meet new people," explains Matt Jewell. "The easy access to alcohol has been taken advantage of."

Sadly, many teens depend on the use of alcohol and drugs to have a good time. Many students haven't stopped to think about the consequences of excessive drinking in a new environment with unfamiliar faces.

Living on campus is a privilege which shouldn't be taken advantage of. This lifestyle provides a unique opportunity to gather a mass of eager, energetic teenage students at the same place and time. Studious individuals have come from afar to be a part of this amazing, educational community.

The University of Victoria promotes a controlled, safe living environment and students tend to take these efforts for granted. We are privileged to be students here and we can't allow less studious individuals to ruin resident life for the rest of us.

After the series of life threatening events, the students of Victoria need to question the value of partying. What are you willing to sacrifice for a single night of entertainment?

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Warsawpack: making angry people dance

BY SARAH PETRESCU

SCHLEDWITZ PHOTO

Hamilton's Warsawpack are more than clever devils with a brass section.

I often balk at the unabashed fervor of political activists. Who's really that pissed off?

Listening to *Stocks and Bombs*, the new release from Hamilton's politico punk/funk supaflies Warsawpack, that suspicion was heightened. Vocalist Lee Raback writes such charged and scathing lyrics as, "It comes down to money, the funds/sticky with blood/while cum drips off the devil's dick," and "As the earth rips, snaps, gasps, and coughs/shit to piss the last bits of an oil drop."

I called Raback at his home in Hamilton to find out if he's the real deal. He is. After a few minutes of restrained chitchat Raback let it rip on getting soft, Canada and American sway.

Martlet: What do the songs on Stocks and Bombs represent in comparison to your first album?

Raback: This album is a better representation of what we do live. The material has been tested in our shows. They are the songs that get people going.

Martlet: Your music is hard, political... and danceable. How does this affect your audience?

Raback: For the most part, it galvanizes what is already there for alot of people. Generally, the people who come to our shows feel the way we do. [Our music] is soundtracking for those who "get it?"

Martlet: Your writing style is very "Fight the Power." Do you ever see yourself getting "We Are the World?"

Raback: No way. I think a bunch of millionaires singing about changing the world is cheesy and fake. It's not reality. I'd like to write more positive stuff, but it's hard. I'm not that guy right now. Who know what I'll be like when I'm 50. There's an intensity to the way I write. I'm giving to it what I would want to hear.

Martlet: How do you feel about Canada in the world right now?

Raback: Honestly, I don't have much faith in Canada. We look down our noses at other countries, as if we are better. But really, we are just kidding ourselves. I don't think there is much that sets us apart from the States–who are the worst. We pretend to pride ourselves on the environment, but look at our policies and, really, we are just pissing on it and then pissing it away. I think there was a time when we could have been proud to be Canadian, but we've been Americanized. We have to get some of our own culture back.

For all those in need of letting off steam at various sources of evil in the world, Warsawpack brings its seven-piece army to Logan's pub on Sept.14, with guests the One Drop Collective.

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From Penhall to Sondheim

Dennis Garnhum likes to get around

BY SARAH PETRESCU

Director Dennis Garnhum is looking forward to kicking off the new Belfry season with controversy and intellectual gunsmoke. Garnhum directs *Blue/Orange*, by playwright Joe Penhall, which he describes as "definitely one of the hottest new plays out there."

Blue/Orange is a loaded look at the idea of what constitutes sanity. The play features a triad of two doctors from opposing generations and views, as well as a young black man who becomes the object of their dissent. Madness, authority and race charge *Blue/Orange*, which divulges humour, debate and critique to explore these issues.

Garnhum is geared up to present such a provocative piece.

"I knew three pages into this play that it was hot shit," he says. "I think Victoria is going to be surprised by it and appreciate it, 'cause it's definitely going to get people talking."

Blue/Orange marks Garnhum's return to Victoria since graduating from UVic's theatre program in the early 90s, a long hiatus during which he has branded himself an impressive resume in the theatre world. After completing a master's degree at UBC, Garnhum went on to direct at the esteemed Shaw and Stratford festivals and to work with such notables as Timothy Findley and Stephen Sondheim. He cites his "night with Sondheim" in a tribute show as a culminating moment in his career. "We were rehearsing when a voice came over the speaker saying, "Mr. Sondheim is on his way," because he was in the piece as well," says Garnhum, "Well, my life literally flashed before my eyes and I thought 'how did I ever get here, to this moment?' It was amazing."

Garnhum has known he wanted to be a director since the age of six. He remembers putting on plays in his basement. "I said to my mother 'I want to be a director.' She said, 'Don't you want to go to highschool first?'"

Garnhum began his "serious" directing career as a student in UVic's Phoenix Theatre program. He cites his experience at UVic as positive and reinforcing, and he readily admits it is part of the reason he wanted to return to Victoria. "Yes, I'll admit this is partly a nostalgia trip," says Garnhum. "I'd like to go talk to the students about some of my experiences."

Garnhum's advice for incoming theatre professionals is frank and honest. "You have to have passion," he says. He believes the biggest challenge to those trying to make it in the theatre world is realizing the fact that it is a business. "Talent isn't enough anymore. You have to have a business edge to succeed," he says.

As for success, Garnhum is satisfied with his. "I've achieved all my dreams – Stratford, the Shaw, Sondheim. I'm happy with what I've done."

Based in New York, Garnhum now plans to satiate his travel bug through directing. "I'd like to direct shows that play in theatre festivals. Anything to get me around more. I'm a wanderer."

Dennis Garnhum makes his Belfry directorial debut with *Blue/Orange* playing at the Belfry theatre Sept.16-Oct.12. For info call 385-6815.

SARAH PETRESCU PHOTO

UVic alumni Dennis Garnhum is on top of the world as a hot upcoming director and hopeful world traveller.

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Po' Girl – a five song introduction

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

1. Gone in Pawn (Shake Sugaree)

It's a sound that carries. Seeping from doors and windows, from street lights, it is the song of urban side-streets. If neighbourhoods could sing, this is what they would sound like: a folky swing, a bit o' blues, a lullaby with rhythm.

Pour yourself something smooth to sip. Use a ceramic mug. Think about how easily summer slides into autumn as the sun begins to set earlier than yesterday.

2. Bad Luck Day Baby

Find a porch, a folding chair. Think about other porches you've sat on, other old rambling houses with porches in this city. Sit and watch the lights turn on in windows. Picture Garry oak trees and lively neighbourhoods. You think about Fernwood. Dusk is falling and riders, cruising helmet-less on second hand bikes, roll homewards. Somewhere someone's got a harmonica. Imagine what it takes to be superstitious: "Baby was born on a bad luck day. Baby maybe our luck will change."

3. City Song

The recovery of the heartbroken.

You feel a little old, know it's ridiculous because you're still in university.

Remember a solitary candle in a room just before dawn, about being in someone's arms. The slow swing-beat of the human heart. Think about the big empty inside. Be happy for the folding chair and the ceramic mug in your hands. Sip some more. You feel sweetly sad, but always strong. "Another high, another low, another good-bye, another hello."

4. Bleak St.

Rain. A good strong rain, committed to falling.

An honest rain.

You think, it would feel so nice, if only it would fall.

5. Shameless

Your smooth sipping settling in the blood. You imagine houses with colourful walls, clean sheets on a low bed, no bed frame, a life with less clutter. This is music to come home to, banjo, clarinet, guitar… you get a late summer orchard and a ragged city alley in the same beat. It is the sound of improvisation, but grooves too cleanly to be off the cuff. The night is young, the music just beginning. Relax. Enjoy.

Po' Girl is: Trish Klein (of the Be Good Tanyas) Allison Russel (Montrealer, of the "le Hot Club de Mars") Diona Davies (of the Derby and Rae Spoon accompanier).

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Give it up for Victoria: what's hot and what isn't?

BY VANESSA NEUMAN

The Martlet loves Victoria.

How could we not? We live here and we see how great this city really can be. From the friendly people to the cool stores and cafés downtown, the beautiful setting and of course our wonderful campus, Victoria is, in our rarely to be humbled opinion, an awesome place.

Which is why this summer's "Best of Victoria" put out by the Vancouver Island News Group was so damn disappointing. What was (we assume) meant to be a publication celebrating the uniqueness of our city read more like a description of generic suburbanity. Categories were frequently dominated by major chains found in countless other cities across both our country and the world. For instance, while the GAP, Sears and the Bay may be staples of many people's wardrobes, are they really the best places in Victoria to buy clothing? What about Smoking Lily, Rebel Rebel, or Queen Bee's, to name a few? All of which are excellent places and, most importantly, local.

The Best of Victoria missed the mark. Instead of exciting people about their city, it just made them apathetic. If the best of the city is the large companies that we see advertised on television and in print every day, what is the point of going out to try other, smaller places? And if some of these little places don't get the attention that they (very rightfully) deserve there may well soon be only large multi-national corporations left. Which would make this city much less interesting.

So please, help us. Fill out the ballot and tell us what you think makes Victoria Victoria and not, say, Calgary or Vancouver or any other city.

1. Best venue to see live music

2. Best local band

3. Best club

4. Best theme night at a club/bar

5. Best place to relax and have a beer after class

6. Best movie theatre

7. Best movie rental store

8. Best place to see live theatre

9. Best place to take a date to dinner under $15 each

10. Best coffee shop

11. Best after bar food

12. Best pizza

13. Best sushi and Japanese food

14. Best Chinese food

15. Best Indian food

16. Best pub food

17. Best place to get food that tastes like your mom's (but isn't)

18. Best place to eat on campus

19. Best bakery

20. Best grocery store

21. Best mountain bike trails

22. Best scenic bike ride/rollerblade

23. Best hike

24. Best Frisbee golf course

25. Best beach

26. Best place to protest

27. Best second hand store

28. Best girls' clothing store

29. Best guys' clothing store

30. Best record store

31. Best place to get home furnishings, cheap

32. Best place to meet singles

33. Best place to go on a date

34. Best place to make out in public

35. Best place to dump someone

36. Best place to go after you've been dumped

37. Anything else you'd like to add

Drop your answers off at the office (SUB B011) or email them to us, with the heading "Victoria's Best" at arts@martlet.ca. We'll tally the results and let you know what we find out.

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Salt o' the Earth: the Salteens

BY ZOË BAKE-PATERSON

In the beginning, there was this boy. A boy who wanted pop.

Picture it, I dare you. A grinning, curly-haired, twinkle-eyed guitar-playing boy who wanted a band. Meet Scott. Then along came this girl, only she wanted punk. They didn't realize this and formed a band anyway. "We were naive," says Scott L.D. Walker.

One day this guy booked them a show, and he called the band the Salteens. But that's okay, it worked. It really worked. You gotta remember this was the 1990s.

More people joined the band, then left, and then more joined, then they left. Even that first girl with her punk aspirations left. But the name held strong, and six years later that band is now a guitar, keys, bass, drums, trumpet, and singing combo. And it's even better.

Meet Rob, Brent, Kevin and Erin.

Now with two albums—most recently Let Go of Your Bad Days (2003)—a few years of tours and a new record label, Boompa! Records, the number one thing to say about the Salteens is still—oh, baby, what a happy sound.

"We're verging on the cult of happiness," said Walker. "But I don't want to slip into this. We're fun people, but not conventionally fun."

Don't be confused: this is pop. The Salteens are pop.

Don't write 'em off though. Yeah, the Archies wrote pop, and so does Britney Spears, but so did the Ramones (as Scott Walker argued), and the Salteens thrive in it: joyful, pondering, unashamed pop. It's everything great pop should be.

"We've worked on conquering the pop song, but our goal is to be subversive with our artsy stuff. That's why we're an indie band."

That's also why their music doesn't sound formulaic. It's not. The band uses an intelligent compositional style, following more classical music styles than typical garage band rock 'n' roll. Combining horns and a string component shows the work that goes into scoring each song. The result? A sort-of 60s sound for a band with a sort-of 60s name.

Even the short song style—12 songs in 28 minutes—ties in to the 1960's pop style, although it's also a hold-over from punk music—think So-Cal style—which brings us back to the origins of the band: the boy who wanted pop, the girl....

Well, now you know the story.

The Salteens are moving on these days, moving from a word-of-mouth band to producing their first music video, "Time You've Been Wasting," which is expected to be aired this October. They're entering a media high world: more gigs, more recognition, and they've even produced buttons. This is good. So's the album.

What's better is seeing them live.

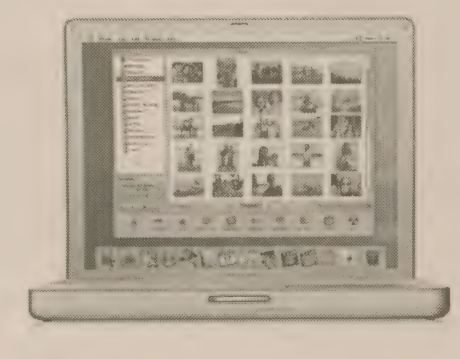
The sound, the songs, the spontaneous, synchronized karate-style kicks mid-tune....They'll make you smile. They'll make you bop.

Best of all, they'll make you love them.

It can't be helped. They're really that much fun.

The Salteens play at the Summer Sounds Festival at 8pm Friday, September 12, 2003 in Centennial Square.

Choose your roommate. Wisely.



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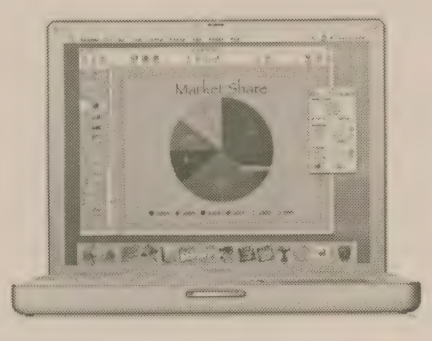

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*Apple SuperDrive required for iDVD. SuperDrive and iDVD available on selected models. Keynote sold separately. TM and ©2003 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.

Inside the private collection of millionaire Michael Williams

BY NORMAN ED BASKERVILLE

If you're walking past the Maltwood Gallery entrance in the University Centre and find yourself staring in wonder at a seven-foot tall spindle whorl, don't worry–you won't be asked to knit a giant mitten.

Cathleen Thom, Maltwood's assistant curator and publicist, said that Salish artist Susan Point's spindle, titled "Good Luck," has been drawing people into the gallery to view the 44 other diverse art pieces on display from the Michael Williams Collection.

A millionaire who made his fortune in real-estate, the late Williams was one of Victoria's most ardent patrons of the arts. He donated his entire $17 million estate, which included his extensive art collection, to UVic upon his passing in 2000. The spindle alone is valued at $50,000.

The spindle whorl, an inventive composite of red cedar, steel, bronze and textile, was created by acclaimed Salish artist Susan A. Point. Two interlocking salmon, one red and the other black, the Salish symbol for good luck, are painted on the spindle's front face.

"All Salish art is ritual, which is why we don't know or see much of it in a commercial art sense as compared to the art of other Coastal First Nation's tribes," said Thom. "Point uses this hyper-enlargement of a commonly used wool spindle tool to display the Salish art culture."

Williams' appreciation for various styles and mediums of art is exemplified by Charles Malinsky's painting, "Bride of the Captured Earth." The painting garnered much public interest in its former location in Victoria's Swans Hotel, one of the properties Williams bequeathed to UVic. It is currently displayed at the Maltwood.

An oil on canvas painting, Malinsky's epic, darkly erotic scene depicts a procession of naked, winged men, carrying a massive rhinoceros that is being ridden by a proud-faced, curvaceously-formed, naked, winged woman.

"Williams used to love to gauge the reaction and shock to this painting when it hung at Swans," said Thom.

"Alister Starbuck and his Book of Revelations" by artist Ken Flett is a strikingly sombre yet beautifully resonant contemporary mixed media work.

It depicts two portraits of differing perspectives of a homeless man layered atop of an image of a cathedral interior, with small pictures arranged irregularly along the bottom and side of the piece.

Flett works for a homeless shelter in Prince George, said Thom, and the small pictures layered onto the canvas were images or drawings sent to him from the homeless men he had helped and befriended. Because Flett knows and lives with people marginalized by society, his artwork seems to transcend race, class, age, and sex.

Williams was one of the biggest supporters of the First Nations artisans of British Columbia and the Maltwood showing of his former collection displays several traditional works, including two intricately painted yellow cedar canoe paddles. "Paddle with Thunderbird and Human'" is by Art Thompson, a Nuu-chah-nulth artist. "Northern Style Eagle Paddle'" is by John Livingston.

In 1993, Thompson and Livingston, along with Susan Point and nine other of the province's best-known First Nations artists, were involved in the Williams-funded creation of UVic's Chancellor's chair, stool and lectern, used during convocation.

The showing of Williams' vast collection at the Maltwood and a simultaneous show at the Fran Willis Gallery is a testament to his life-long love for the arts and his spirit of community and education. In 1990 he received an honorary doctorate degree from the University of Victoria.

DAN HARDER PHOTO

A larger than life wool spindle greets visitors to the Maltwood gallery.

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Damn that mustached man

By Rich Cole

Every time I walk through the UVic Student Union Building, the "eXtreme" mountain biking man on the pop machine shoots me a funny grin. Everything about him scares me. His life-sized oddness. His hairy arms gripping onto those "zoom" handle bars. His lame-ass pointing in such a hardcore direction–and especially his mustached smirk. What the hell was Pepsi thinking? It's as if I'm supposed see this picture of a washed mountain biker, run to the pop cooler, deposit my loonie, down the entire can and yell, "Dude, I'm so hardcore!"

You've seen the commercials. The motive behind this ad is simple. It's an attempt to say that Mountain Dew is canned adrenaline. Drink the pop and you will become a kick-ass "eXtreme" athlete.

But let's be honest, here's what the pop machine really says: "We at Mountain Dew will stop at nothing to sell our pop, even if it means using pictures of a 'never has been' eXtreme athlete. Drink this pop if you are in a mid-life crisis, or just have low self - esteem (or both, we're not picky). Then go to a bike shop, buy a bike that looks cool and take it to the lamest trail around. There you can pretend you're hardcore, rubbing dirt all over your bike, sticking your butt up in the air, making weird-assed faces, etc."

There're posers out there kids. Lots of them. Advertisers have fabricated the eXtreme fantasy, in some lame attempt to sell their product.

There was a time when the X in eXtreme used to be cutting edge. Let's take it back to 1991, when Douglas Coupland released his revolutionary book "Generation X." Formerly just an algebraic variable, 1991 was when the letter X became the defining tag for young people. In the early 90's, "GenX' was a pretty cool label. It meant self-identity, it meant defiance, and most of all it meant listening to Kurt Cobain and not caring what other people thought.

And as always, pop-culture was quick to cash in on the "X". Soon came the X-Files, the XFL, and of course Pepsi was there, advertising that they were no longer "the choice of the next generation," but were now "the choice of the X Generation." And voila, the term Gen-X became cliché.

Fortunately for kids (and Pepsi), there was a new trend on the rise. A new breed of sport was emerging. Grunge was dying and young people were away from the couch, trading in their Soundgarden CDs for an adrenaline rush. For myself and many others, sports such as mountain biking, cliff jumping and skateboarding took off where Gen-X ended. We came out of our parents' smoke-filled basements and returned to the outdoors to try our hand at extreme sports.

Now it's 2003, and many feel we've reached the end of the adrenaline sports golden age. Flogged to death by advertisers, the word extreme is now spelled eXtreme. Looking back, cashing in on the edgy sports image was just an inevitable corporate chain reaction. After Nissan launched their Xterra a few years ago and had a massive increase in sales, others followed. Now, even cosmetic companies such as Schick have climbed on the eXtreme band wagon with their disposable "Xtreme Razor." There's even a TV show now called "eXtreme dating." What's next? Xtreme senior's bingo? Fuck off.

Truth is, no one really knows what's next. But, it's a guarantee that the mustached biker on the pop cooler will only be replaced by some other cheesy hype.

Regardless, the good news is that the true nature of adrenaline sports will remain unscathed. Call it extreme, or call it eXtreme, but adrenaline sports go way beyond just some image or label. Extreme sports will always be about an individual doing rad shit and pushing it to the edge. Human biochemistry is not about to change, and our stomachs will always be in our throats after climbing that huge hill, or barely landing that big drop. The soul of extreme sports will always be about the gritty teeth and the scabs of glory.

So? What are you waiting for? Damn that smirky moustache man on the pop cooler. Damn this shit-assed article. Get out there.

DAN HARDER PHOTO

Sportswriter Rich Cole's nemesis sneers as you pass. Gunna take it?

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Where is the Love?

NBA stars shun Canada yet again

BY LUKE LIN

Will someone please inform Jamaal Magloire and Rick Fox that they're Canadian?

The two NBA stars appear bewildered by this fact. At least judging from their recent acts of unpatriotic snobbery towards the Canadian men's basketball team, which recently failed to qualify for next summer's Olympics.

Kudos to Victoria's Steve Nash and the rest of the boys for their desperate attempt to qualify, despite their lack of manpower. Our guys finished a respectable fourth in a 10 team event. Not too bad, considering Nash was the only NBA player on the team.

But this is where Magloire and the elusive Fox come in. They're both NBA veterans with multi-million dollar contracts. Maybe they don't have anything to prove. Fox has already won three NBA championships with the L.A. Lakers and is married to singer/actress Vanessa Williams. The Toronto native could retire today and most would agree that he'd had a successful career.

But what's wrong with the red and white Canadian jersey that causes Fox to consistently reject Basketball Canada? He reacts as though someone with SARS has coughed all over it and then passed it over to an anthrax distributor.

Basketball Canada has suffered through a myriad of Fox's excuses. One summer he was planning his wedding to Williams. The next summer he was busy trying to impregnate Williams. Another time Fox said he had to take Shaq and Kobe shopping in Beverly Hills.

Okay, we made that last one up. But you get the point.

The last time Fox suited up for Canada, Kris Kross was still making people "Jump Jump." (Actually, he played in the 1994 World Championships). At the age of 34, Fox still has the skills to contribute. In fact, Puerto Rican forward Julio Ortiz dominated Canada in the tournament's final game, and he's 40.

But Magloire is a pup. He's a young and athletic big man with a knack for blocking shots–something this Canadian squad sorely missed. His reasons for shunning Canada consist of greed and selfishness.

Three years ago when Canada was preparing for the Sydney Olympics, he demanded that head coach Jay Triano guarantee him minutes–refusing to play if asked to accept a subservient role. His excuse this time was that he didn't want to risk injury because he's in a contract year with his NBA team, the New Orleans Hornets.

For the record, Magloire hasn't represented Canada since leaving for college at Kentucky seven years ago. When not whining about playing time or money, the 260 pound centre always seems to be recovering from a convenient "injury." Word on the wire alleges that Magloire's latest wound was caused by his inflated ego.

I can understand that perhaps Fox and Magloire would rather spend their summers relaxing on a beach in Malibu. After all, the 82 game NBA season punishes even the best-conditioned bodies. But the American team boasted 12 NBA players including guys such as Tim Duncan and Jason Kidd,

Oh... yeah, I just remembered, I left the bath running...
...and the oven on.
I have cancer.
My wife's going into labour.
I sprained my wang.
My balls itch.
...I hate you guys.
GRAHAM STARK IMAGE

who only two months earlier engaged in a fierce battle for the league championship. No one would have blasted them for not playing. And yet, they still donned the red, white and blue–ultimately leading the U.S. to the gold medal.

The American stars had a lot more to lose by showing up than guys like Fox and Magloire did. Do you really believe a team with Tracy McGrady, Allen Iverson, Vince Carter and the aforementioned Duncan and Kidd could have returned home with anything less than a gold medal without absorbing ridicule? Not likely.

Even in other sports such as hockey, where the risk of serious injury is greater than in basketball, Canada's best players always seem to lace their skates for their country. We've never heard guys like Wayne Gretzky or Steve Yzerman come up with ludicrous reasons to not play. Yzerman knowingly participated in the Salt Lake Olympics with a gimpy knee that still hasn't completely healed.

Despite all this, the notion remains for Fox and Magloire that Basketball Canada isn't worth their time. They don't bleed the maple leaf like Nash and Gretzky. Maybe Fox should be exempt from my criticism. He lives in California. Perhaps he figured that Canada would qualify without him because just like in Hollywood movies, the good guys always end up winning. And Magloire? Let's give him the benefit of the doubt. We all know how painful hangnails can be.

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Vikes aim for top

Expectations high for new season

BY RICH COLE

The University of Victoria's top athletes will spend the next few weeks in the physical ringer.

Tryouts for the UVic Varsity teams are now underway, and with an overwhelming number of top athletes attending UVic this year, many are calling it one of the most fertile Vikes tryouts in a while.

The influx of high performance competitors can be attributed to a couple of factors. According to Vikes' public relations guru Pete Lewis, "most of last years Vikes haven't graduated yet." That leaves a large number of winning veterans ready for another year in the Blue and Gold. In addition, a slew of students have migrated from Ontario's defunct OAC program, and rumour has it that the Vikes might have landed some fresh talent from the east.

After harassing Lewis with a bizillion questions about the possibility of new ringers in tryouts, he threw out another bone. "The rosters aren't finalized yet," he said. "But with so much talent back from last year, the teams are only going to be stronger." After some huge CI wins last year in everything from basketball to golf, the Vikes' veterans will have some valuable experiences to draw upon this year.

However, with the experience of winning also comes something else: expectations. Becoming the best university in Canada is one thing, but staying on top requires some tactical planning. Fortunately for the Vikes, the large number of athletes in tryouts this year could help establish the depth needed to keep trophies at home.

There are also a few new venues that could give the Vikes some home team advantage. The long awaited field hockey site will now be available for the champion varsity team to strut their stuff. Also, UVic finally splurged on a new floor for the McKinnon Gym this summer.

And what about Thunder, you ask? Is the spine of Vike pride back for another year? According to UVic Athletics, Thunder is back. He's back and his head is as smelly as ever. You rock, selfless Thunder puppeteer.

The Vikes' season kicks off at Centennial Stadium on September 18th with Men's and Women's Soccer against the U of A. There's tons of free swag. Go check it out. Go Vikes.

Blast from the past

JENN BOWLES PHOTO

A dinosaur, believed to be one of UVic's senior administrators, greets confused guests at the centennial celebration last weekend.

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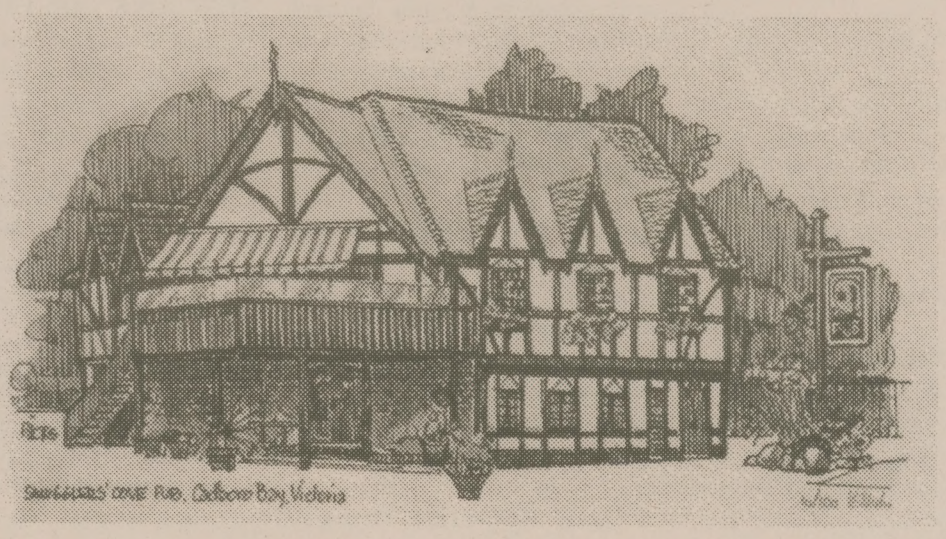

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The menu reflects traditional pub food to more specialty items that change seasonally. Specials from the kitchen are offered every day as well as Sunday Brunch from only $9.95.

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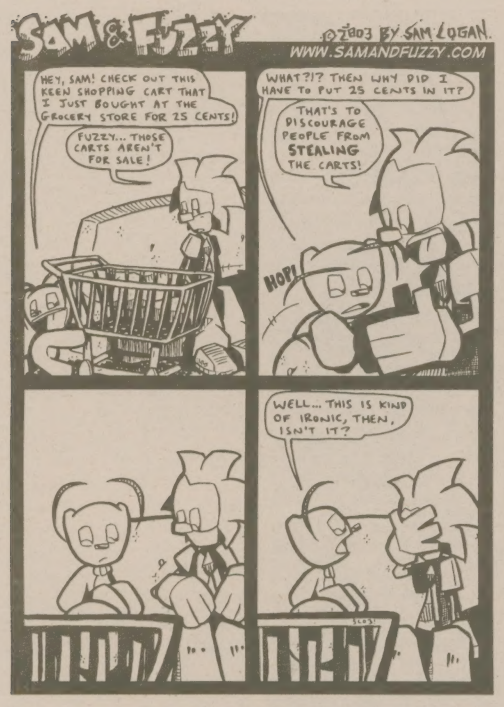
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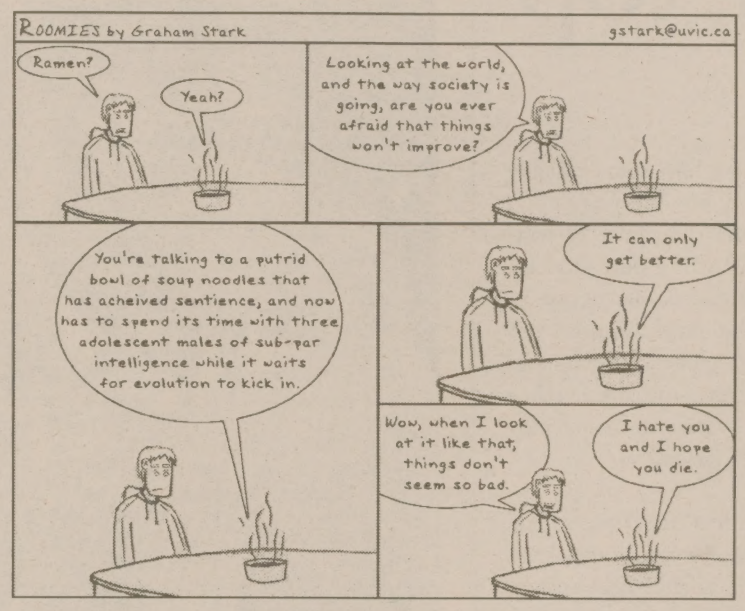
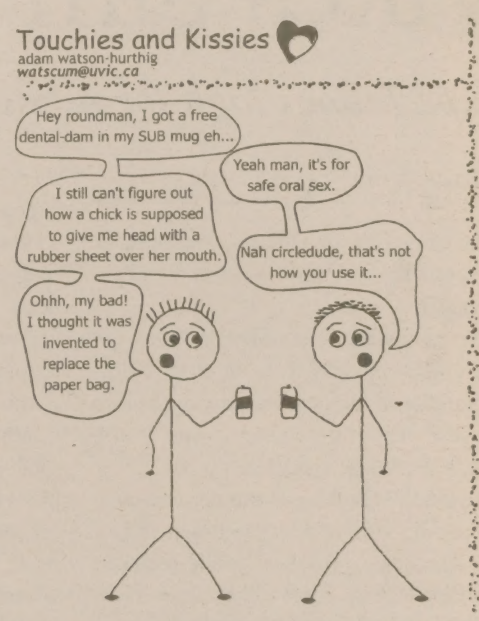
HOP!
WELL... THIS IS KIND OF IRONIC, THEN, ISN'T IT?


ROOMIES by Graham Stark
gstark@uvic.ca
Ramen?
Yeah?
Looking at the world, and the way society is going, are you ever afraid that things won't improve?
It can only get better.
You're talking to a putrid bowl of soup noodles that has acheived sentience, and now has to spend its time with three adolescent males of sub-par intelligence while it waits for evolution to kick in.
Wow, when I look at it like that, things don't seem so bad.
I hate you and I hope you die.


Touchies and Kissies
adam watson-hurthig
watscum@uvic.ca
Hey roundman, I got a free dental-dam in my SUB mug eh...
Yeah man, it's for safe oral sex.
I still can't figure out how a chick is supposed to give me head with a rubber sheet over her mouth.
Nah circledude, that's not how you use it...
Ohhh, my bad! I thought it was invented to replace the paper bag.

BREW
BY Jasper Schwartz
STARRING: PERRY
BEER GOGGLES
0-1 BEER
CLEAR EYES
Complete Soul-Crushing Sobriety
Heard muttering "I need beer" Through Parched Lips
2-4 BEER
BITCHIN' BEER SHADES
Things are looking up...
Suddenly the world is tinged with a healthy glow.
"Wouldn't it be cool if George Lucas did a movie about beer?"
5-7 BEER
TOTALLY AWESOME WRAP AROUNDS
This is drunkeness!!
The World's Healthy glow is replaced by glaring intoxication.
"George Lucas, man, he abuses those Ewoks"
8-12 BEER
BEER GOGGLES
The chances are you're going to make an ass of yourself and you don't care!!
"Hey Baby, I'm George Lucas!! I swear!!"
12 BEER+...
STEVIE WONDER GLASSES
(Also known as alcohol induced sleep)
I THINK I WET MYSELF

When We Grow Up by Matt Shance & Old Man Holzgeck

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Why are you biting on my chill?
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOMEN! COME PLAY BALL HOCKEY! Co-ed Wed. night rec-level intramural team needs players, pref. female to fulfil league's gender requirements. Some experience pref'd, but not necessary. Possible free beverages. Email: uvichockey@hotmail.com.

Me. SF wearing top hat made of salami, tap dancing to Mini-pop albums and priming for the NHL All-Star Game. You. SM 18-24 sporting reverse mullet and can yodel the national anthem. Visit me at www.dugg.ca

FOR SALE

Solid wood, round table, seats 4 $100. Wine-brown overstuffed sofa with wood trim $100. 384-3289.

90 Hyundai Excel Standard, Runs great $500. Glen 544-1706.

IBM Thinkpad, model il480; 14"XGA TFT screen; Win.98; full size keyb.; TrackPoint; CD-DVD; USB; card slot; 2 AC adapters; Manual; IBM bag; $900. (firm) cash. ($100 holds). Call 477-5204 eves.

Futon/Sofa–Qu.Sz. Exc. Condt. wood frame, aztec cvr. $350 OBO must sell. ph. 361-9131.

Old Style Sofa–worn but solid & slip cvr'd $90. ph. 361-9131.

HOT CHICK CAR! ! ! 91 VW Cabriolet looks great! White on black, low km. Loads of recent work done, extra winter tires & rims, bike rake, ski rake. BUY THIS CAR & PICK UP GUYS! ! $7,500. 721-5845.

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Students and Clubs - $2/issue
Non-Students - $2/line
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